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MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

WE believe it is now generally admitted that no particular person can be fixed upon as the inventor of the steam engine. It is rather the result of the combined ingenuity of many individuals, each of whom contributed some important part to the work of his predecessor. It is true that the first machines made use of to apply steam as a moving power were mere toys, and that the later improvements were so far in advance of those made by Branca, De Caus, Papin, and others, that the earlier attempts hardly deserve to be mentioned, yet it is impossible to fix upon any one which was so far in advance of all the preceding forms as to deserve the name of the first engine. Nearly all the old authors affirm that the Marquis of Worcester was the inventor, and most of our small books upon natural philosophy copying from them, unhesitatingly pronounce the same opinion. It is our intention in this article to present what information we can gather upon this subject and examine the arguments upon which this opinion is founded.

Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, better known in history as the Earl of Glamorgan, was a bigoted Catholic, in the time of Charles I. and a warm loyalist. According to the best authorities, he was intriguing, deceitful, and sycophantic in his character, and was generally employed by the king as a tool in executing his secret purposes. Whether this is any thing against him as a philosopher, we will not stop to inquire. He was sent to

Ireland by Charles, as is said, with the intention of bringing over the Catholics to the king's service. Charles also granted most extraordinary powers and authority to him in a patent and promised to bestow the Princess Elizabeth on the Marquis' son, as a reward for his services. He died in 1667. In *1665, eighteen years before the invention of Sir Samuel Morland, and thirty-five before that of Capt. Savery, he published a book with this title; "A century of the names and scantlings of such inventions as I can at present call to mind, to have tried and perfected which, (my notes being lost) I have at the instance of a powerful friend endeavored, now in the year 1665, to set down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." At the conclusion, he says; "This making up the whole century and preventing any further trouble to the reader for the present, meaning to leave posterity a book wherein under each of these heads, the means to put in execution, and the visible trial of all and every of these inventions, with the shape and form of all things belonging to them shall be printed on brass plates."† As the author died two years after this he never left to posterity the book of which he speaks and all we know of his discoveries is to be gathered from this book of Scantlings. His contrivance for raising water is thus described in Scantling 68; "An admirable and most forcible way of driving up water by fire; not by drawing or sucking it upwards for that must be as the philosopher calleth it *intra spheram activitatis* which is but at such a distance. But this way hath no bounder if the vessel be strong enough; for I have taken a piece of a whole cannon and filled it three-fourths full of water, screwing up the broken end as also the touch hole, and making a constant fire under it; within twenty-four hours it burst and made a great crack. So that having a way to make my vessels so that they are strengthened by the force within and one to fill after the other, I have seen the water run like a constant fountain stream forty feet high. One vessel of water rarified by fire driveth up forty of cold water and a man that tends the works has but to turn two cocks that

* Several authorities give 1663, but this is probably incorrect.

† Granger's Biographical Dictionary.

one vessel of water being consumed another begins to force and refill with cold water, and so successively, the fire being tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks."* Mr. Park in his catalogue of royal and noble authors, says that a manuscript addition of Mr. Heber's copy of Lord Worcester's book contains the following description of this hydraulic machine ascribed by the enthusiastic contriver to celestial inspiration. "A stupendous or a water-commanding engine, boundless for height or quantity, requiring no external, or even additional help or force to be set or continued in motion but what intrinsically is afforded from its own operation, nor yet the twentieth part thereof and the engine consisted of the following particulars. 1st. A perfect counterpoise for what quantity soever of water. 2d. A perfect countervail for what height soever it is to be brought unto. 3d. A *primum mobile* commanding both height and quantity, regulator-wise. 4th. A vicegerent or countervail supplying the place and performing the full force of man, wind, beast, or mill. 5th. A helm or stern with bit and reins wherewith any child may guide and control the whole operation. 6th. A particular magazine for water according to the intended quantity or height of water. 8th. A place for the original fountain, or even river to run into and naturally of its own accord, incorporate itself with the rising water and at the very bottom of the same aqueduct, though never so big or high. By Divine Providence and heavenly inspiration, this is my stupendous water commanding engine, boundless for height or quantity. Whatsoever is master of weight is master of force. Whatsoever is master of water is master of both and consequently to him all formidable actions and achievements are easy which are in any wise beneficial to, or for mankind. To God alone, be all the praise, honor, and glory for ever and ever. Amen."†

This lucid and beautiful description of his celestial con-

* See Lardner on the Steam Engine. Desaguliers's Natural Philosophy, Vol. ii. page 465. Encyclopedia Britannica in loco. Galloway on the Steam Engine. Rees' Encyclopedia, &c., &c.

† Cumberland's Public Characters. Life of Worcester, Vol. iii.

trivance is worthy of a transcendental philosopher or poet of modern times, and if obscurity and nonsense combined can give a man a reputation for being a profound thinker, (as they certainly can,) the Marquis was the most profound of all philosophers. As far as we have been able to trace the history, this is all he ever left to posterity, and these are the data from which the conclusion has been drawn that he was the inventor of the steam engine. If this be so, those who live as far from the Marquis' times as we do, may form an estimate of the credit due to him, as well as any who have preceded us. We may add however the opinion of several who have attempted to examine the subject. Granger in his *Biographical History** says that Capt Savery probably borrowed the first hint of his engines from these Scantlings. Walpole in his "*Noble or Royal Authors*," calls this whole book of Worcester's "an amazing piece of folly." Mr. Gainsborough, of Henley, says that he was the Inventor of the Steam Engine and withal one of the greatest mechanical geniuses that ever appeared in the world. Prof. Robison calls him also the Inventor of the Steam Engine, and Prof. Millington says that through the assistance of Mr. Archdeacon Nares, he has been able to trace it to the same source.† The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says that the Marquis was undoubtedly the Inventor, and with this agrees Dr. Desaguliers and nearly all modern authors of little note. Galloway in his *History of the Steam Engine*, however, denies it and gives the credit rather to Savery. The reasons assigned for attributing this discovery to Worcester and not to Savery, are such as the following: The language employed in these extracts show, it is said, that the machine must have been of much more importance than those of Branca and De Caus. But this ought to prove just the contrary. Such extravagant language as that employed by the Marquis is more suitable for a "moon hoax" than for a philosophical treatise. Another argument seems to be the obscure language used, which proves conclusively that his ideas were too profound to be expressed in common words.

* Vol. iii. page 19.

† Cumberland's *Life of Worcester* in "*Public Characters*."

Indeed there seems to be a studied obscurity. However much this might be in his favor if he were a metaphysician, when we consider his true character, it proves rather the contrary. To show that Capt. Savery's plan was derived mainly from the proposal of Worcester, Dr. Desaguliers makes the following remarks. "Capt. Savery having read the Marquis of Worcester's book, was the first who put in practice the raising water by fire, which he proposed for the draining of mines. His engine being compared with Marquis' description, will easily appear to have been taken from it, though Savery denied it, and the better to conceal the matter, bought all the Marquis of Worcester's books in Pater Noster row and elsewhere and burned them in presence of the gentleman, his friend, who told me this."* Now aside from the improbability of this story, how could Savery have taken his plan from the Marquis's book? He left no drawing and no part of the apparatus with which he had experimented, and therefore Savery had no other means of discovering the form of Worcester's machine than we have. If he was able to construct such an engine as he afterwards constructed from the Scantlings, he certainly deserves the credit of a great discoverer, and must have been endued with the same "celestial" wisdom to interpret, which the Marquis had received to invent. As to the story of the flask of wine, which Capt. Savery declares gave him the first ideas upon the subject, the same author affirms that it is a mere fabrication designed to persuade others that he was not indebted to any one for his invention. The Doctor's argument we present in his own words. "That he never made such an experiment then nor designedly afterwards, I thus prove. I made the experiment purposely with about half a glass of wine left in a flask which I laid upon the fire until it boiled into steam. Then putting on a thick glove to prevent the neck of the flask from burning me I plunged the mouth of the flask under water that filled a basin. But the pressure of the atmosphere was so strong that it beat the flask out of my hand with violence and threw it up to the ceiling. As this must also have

* Vol. ii. page 466.

happened to Capt. Savery if ever he made the experiment he would not have failed to tell such a remarkable incident which would have embellished his story." Upon this we need make no comment. Another argument urged by Dr. Desaguliers is the following. It appears that Capt. Savery always employed two receivers, supposing his engine would be more available in that form. Dr. Desaguliers, however in a series of experiments made with Dr. Gravesend, found that one was much more available as well as cheaper. One receiver could be emptied three times while two could be emptied but once apiece, so that an engine thus constructed would cost about half as much as the other, be worked more easily, and raise a third more of water. From this he concludes that when Savery put up his large machine for Mr. Ball, at Camden House, Kensington, had he been the real inventor of the engine, he would not have failed to detect a fact which might so easily have been discovered. Hence he concludes that Savery copied his plan from Worcester, and had too little ingenuity to see where it might be improved. This amounts to nothing when we remember that the object of Savery was not so much to construct a cheap and simple engine as one that would accomplish most in a given period of time.

The truth is it is impossible to construct an engine from Worcester's description, and Savery could have obtained no more information from it than he could have gathered from that of De Caus. Mr. Galloway and others have attempted to construct machines answering to the Marquis's description but they are only conjectural and unsatisfactory. The great celebrity which Worcester has acquired seems to be founded on three things—he was a nobleman, he wrote in a style which no one can understand, and he employed the most extravagant language to glorify himself. These are abundantly sufficient to make any man a genius, a hero, a poet, in ancient or modern times. His great discoveries in steam may be summed up, as it appears to us, and thus stated 1st. He stopped up an old cannon heated it 24 hours until it burst, thus showing the tremendous power of steam. 2d. He employed a machine similar to that of De Caus, except he used two vessels instead of one, and with this succeeded in throwing water to a great

height in the form of a jet by the expansive force of steam. There is nothing in the description he has given of his great engine inconsistent with this simple statement.

MONTALTE.

AUTUMN.

Old Autumn is come with her murmuring breeze
And soft azure skies—
And the green summer tinge of the tall forest trees
Sear yellow supplies.
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.
Forerunner of Winter, thou comest to tell
Of its stormy blast ;
Thy low sighing winds sound the funeral knell
Of bright summer past.
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.
In thee we a smile or a frown may behold,
Thus standing between
The season of heat and the season of cold
As mediate Queen.
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.
Thou drivest the robin and thrush from the grove,
That sweetly did sing,
And bid'st them in tropical climates to rove,
Returning with Spring.
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.
With plenty thou makest the lab'rer rejoice,
And fillest his store,
And bid'st him remember, in charity's voice,
The suffering poor.
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.
I'm proud of my clime where the Autumn is found
Relieving the sense
From the long Summer's dull and monotonous round :—
Who'd with it dispense ?
I love thee although thou art gloomily drear,
Thou yellow-robed season, the Fall of the year.

D. O. K.

PHILOSOPHY OF ERROR.

ERROR, like all else, has its philosophy. Truth is in no case beyond the attainment of the earnest inquiring mind. But it is seldom so conspicuous as to be found and recognized without some search. Error, on the contrary, unsought and undesired, in fascinating forms stands forth to practice her impositions on the unwary and unsuspecting. There is wisdom in the arrangement. The Almighty, in all his dealings with his creatures, seems to act on the grand principle, that whatever is worth having is worth seeking for. This does not merely hold good for our present physical state, but it is the ground of our probation for another, higher and better. Without this arrangement of the divine economy, man would be little more than an animal, left to seek mere sensual pleasures, without any thing to bring forth the hidden powers of his better being. We have faculties which are thus to be exercised, developed and perfected. Reason, a spark from the bosom of the eternal, omniscient author of our being, is to be kindled by man into a bright and glorious flame, which is to serve as a lamp to his path, in his inquiries after truth. The divine command is, "seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive." Were this injunction followed out in its import, in respect to truth, the world would present us a far different spectacle. But the fact is far otherwise. It is the almost universal practice of men to look no farther than the external, and from these hasty superficial observations to form their judgment and adopt principles of action. Philosophers are rare. The mind diverted by the sense is averse to profound, serious investigation. It often requires an effort, unremitting, determined, energetic, intellectual effort to search out the hidden treasures of truth which comparatively few are willing to make. Thus it is that error, in her deceitful garbs, palms off her vile, damning deceptions with such unparalleled success. Spontaneously she presents herself in all her bewitching hues and forms, whilst truth with the true modesty of real worth waits to be sought after. Like an infernal incubus, she plants her unholy form on the human mind, demoniacally laughing at its gentle acquiescence and lack of en-

ergy, or loathness to throw off the horrid spectre. There is not another tendency of human nature so deleterious and awful, as this almost universal proneness to judge by mere externals, to take appearances for realities, error for truth, falsehood and deception for sincerity and faith. This is the grand fulcrum upon which the vile, selfish, ambitious imposter of mankind rests his lever. And, unlike the Grecian philosopher, he lacks not this last and all-important instrument to complete the means by which he may raise the world from its foundations. The history of the human race has hitherto been little else than a history of continued series of imposture and deceptions. From the time that Satan, the arch impostor and deceiver, entered the garden of Paradise, and by his hellish arts imposed on the credulity of our common mother, truth and sincerity have been banished into the back ground, while error, falsehood and their impious train, have figured most conspicuously in the grand drama of the world. The low, grovelling votary of ambition and selfishness palms himself off as the true, disinterested friend of mankind, as having only the welfare and happiness of his fellow-beings at heart. His factitious representations and pretences are eagerly embraced by the credulous mass, while unassuming, unpretending, candid, real worth, either escapes notice or is often trampled down in scorn and contempt. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Buonaparte, and such like, lead millions forth at their beck, who with eager willingness prostrate themselves before the car of their grim idol, ambition, while its iron wheels crush them in horrid, countless masses, in its merciless course. Such scourges and arch enemies of man can make the world their play ground and mankind their toys. At their will and pleasure multitudes are brushed from the stage of life like cobwebs, without the least compunction or concern. But strangest infatuation! such characters are not only admired while living, when dead their names are almost adored, handed down to after generations as the brightest and greatest of their species. But the true and sincere patriot or philanthropist, though he contented like a hero for the good of others, though benevolence be the rule of his life, though he seal with a martyr's blood the most salutary and beneficent measures, is, at most, hastily passed

over with a bare mention of his having existed. The horrid dismal tale of human history seems too enchanting to permit such more mild and lovely characters to break in upon it and destroy the charm. Such has been the terrible consequence of a lack of proper, active exertion in the pursuit of truth, on the part of mankind. They are prone to regard the countenance, without penetrating into the motive. The mere outward appearance dazzles and diverts the attention, while the inward reality, for want of investigation, remains a concealed thing. Thus they are made the dupes of error and falsehood to their own destruction, while truth, in her plain, unpolished garb, loses her charms and loveliness for their eyes. In the moral world this truth is still more alarmingly manifested. The mere evanescent, ephemeral things of time and sense are regarded and sought after as the only real, substantial good; while the invisible, eternal realities of a future world are viewed as mere dreamy, ideal fancies. Men are intoxicated with the deceitful appearances of the present, and forget or refuse to exercise their powers in investigating those sublime and awfully important truths within their reach, and discovering their relations to unseen realities. They listen with a mad credulity to the whispers of a deceitful fancy. They pursue with wild eagerness the airy phantoms which like bubbles float gaily before their enchanted visions, while the sun of imaginary hope tints them with all the brilliant hues and colors of the rainbow. In the eagerness and excitement of the moment they rush heedlessly on in pursuit of the seeming good, but turn a deaf ear to the "still small voice" of reason, directing to better things. But the phantom disappears, the bubble bursts in the grasping; and alas! it was an illusion—an idle dream—a mere working of the fancy. Reality presents her stern features, and the mind overwhelmed with disappointment, discovers that it has been feeding on husks and shells, to the neglect of the substantial nutriment which the stifled voice of reason and wisdom would have advised. Such is the sad tale of human conduct. Truth, like precious metals, has been placed sufficiently out of the way to test man's love and regard for it, by the manner in which he pursues after it. The powers and means requisite are furnished to him. And

he has the command and promise, not only in holy writ, but engraven on his own heart, "Seek and thou shalt find." But the grand secret is, but very few *will*. They *will* let the gaudy outward rubbish engage and divert the attention, and neglect to seek for truth and reality.

REMEMBRANCES OF TINNECUM.

WE were seated one day by the side of an old graduate of one of our eastern colleges, which we will designate as Tinnecum, listening to the great fund of anecdote which he possessed, and laughing heartily at the tales of youthful pranks which he related. He told us of mistakes disastrous to one person's college career—of the luck of one and the ill fortune of another, of the impudence of this and the cowardice of that individual. At length we extorted a promise that he would send us some account of his college days. The promise was fulfilled and you, our hearty Public, are now presented with the contents of the first packet. It is true the language has been changed somewhat from that which suits epistolary composition, so that it might better agree with style of periodical literature, but naught else has been done with it, and the facts have neither been dressed up with exaggerations nor has anything been detracted from them. What our aged friend has sent us, is true, literally true, and they are as he tells us "Bonafide transcripts from his book of recollections of college days." If aught be applicable to Old Nassau our readers may be assured that it is but the general similitude of human nature, for our old friend did not graduate at Nassau Hall, and Tinnecum is not the venerable town of Princeton. Let us not fail to draw a moral from the experience of our friend and your friend Messrs. the world and his wife, and he will rest satisfied with the liberty we have taken of exhibiting his Phantasmagoria before such an assembly of connoisseurs. At any rate if such results follow, we are willing "to take the responsibility," even if we do receive a whack from the oaken crutch. The first packet was thus endorsed:

"THE IMPUDENT MAN."

It has been well remarked my young friend, that college life is but a miniature of after life, that it is but the rehearsal of the great drama in which all have parts to perform when they shall have put off childish things, and shall have assumed the tempered weapons which every one must wield who expects success. There is no remark which has struck us more forcibly since our departure from the classic walls of old Tinnecum than this. Now that we are fairly in the busy hum and bustle of life—now that we are admitted to a participation of its doings, and feel (modestly be it spoken) a due weight of the responsibility of our situation we look back with no unprofitable eye to the scene in which we were engaged at college. Memory often recurs to those scenes, and as we trace the career of our friends from college life down to the entrance to life immortal, our heart now sickens at the misery, and now exults in the happiness so vividly presented to the sight. Many an occurrence which our youthful inexperience then thought but the exuberance of boyish feelings now can be discerned as true expressions of character. The wild vagaries of some of our youthful companions, which then served but for materials for fun and frolic, now appear to us as useful lessons whence we draw much instruction. Verily the great living poet was right when he said "the child is father to the man." A student's life is but the type of the man's life. Give us a young man's conduct in college for the data and we will chart out his course over the sea of life. We can now, looking off from our high elevation, see in it the evidence of growing character, as the traveller on mountain top can, from the appearance of the distant clouds prophesy the nature of approaching day. Many and many a time have we now bitterly lamented the fate of those whose indiscretions we thought but the evidences of the overflowing of youthful passions, which would be sobered down by the stern appearance of manhood, but which we now see were but the sure forerunners of a course which could not tend elsewhere than to the gates of gloomy death. And how often now when we see the triumphs of others, do we call back to our remembrance the first buddings of that genius whose full-grown beauties now delight us.

Foremost in the picture which memory has conjured up of olden times—amid a crowd of first-honor men—by his side standing the valedictorian and surrounded by the jolly, the free, the sober and the studious—stands “the man of Impudence”—DICK DAREDEVIL.

Dick was one of that jolly set of fellows who are to be found in every institution. Fond of “the *soft* sex”—lovers of good wine and capital judges of segars—professed haters of study, they care nothing for any thing, whether that any thing be animate or inanimate, whether a dumb beast, a speaking man, or their intermediate, a good book. We would not, however, for a moment have it supposed that our friend belonged to another class of students at Tinnecum, familiarly called “the fancy gentlemen,” whose thoughts all run on dress, and whose conversation was on the momentous question of coats, inexpressibles and suwarrows from morning till night. No, Dick, as well as others, knew full well that

“Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
And all the rest is leather and prunella.”

But Dick nevertheless was a favorite among the ladies, for as Bulwer has well remarked, impudence and ignorance are sure passports into any society. He had a good heart, and a kinder man you could not find in a Sunday’s ride. He would fight to the last for a friend. He would head the list of any thing which had for its object “the boring” of the faculty, or “the stuffing” of new students. He had a sort of don’t-care-nothing-for-nobody-ness about him truly admirable. He would put his hands in his breeches pocket very composedly and converse with any member of the faculty or any verdant freshman on Greek literature, with as much dignity as if he were Brunck himself. Greek was Dick’s hobby, and Brunck was his Grecian hobby *par excellence*.

Dick was rooming alone, (a great desideratum in our time, if it be not so now,) and the quarter-master-general of old Tinnecum determined that Mr. Daredevil should take a room-mate. Dick remonstrated with dignified yet firm negation. He represented that his habits were not of such a character as to render him a fit associate for a young unsophisticated beardless boy. This charge had

often been laid at his door, but prior to this Dick had always denied the soft impeachment. But the officer was inexorable, and as a *dernier* resort, Dick informed him that if he was forced from his state of single blessedness he would hang his lovely companion. Like the impassionate Mantilini, Dick exclaimed, He shall be a body and I'll be a lovely—widow. But Saturday morning came, and with it came the future room-mate. Dick had been over his cups rather late the previous evening, and was snoring soundly at that time when all polers had been up a full hour at their books, and that mongrel sort of students who were too lazy or too stupid to study, but who, nevertheless, feared "the governor at home," were rubbing their half open eyes on the roomward march from old prayer hall. He was disturbed by an uncommon noise at the door of his hitherto solitary abode. What could it be? Was it the servant? No! he had put his pitcher outside the door. Was it the kindly office of some friend to arouse him for once to that great terror of students—morning prayers? No! for the sun was peeping through the crevices of the curtains, and even Dick knew that such a thing never occurred at the hour of the student's matins. But he was not of a character to be thus quieted. So he sung out in a loud tone to the intruder "who's there?" The well known voice of the Quarter-Master General revealed the whole truth as it was thus heard in reply. "Here, here, here, Mr. Daredevil, why are you not up to prayers? Pack up, sir—I shall vote for the dismissal of every student who misses morning prayers.—Pretty example, sir, to set your new room-mate—come, sir, open the door." So Dick opened the door and a scene ensued which beggars description. The officer, as good hearted a man as ever trod the earth, stood there muffled up in a cloak, which, like Jack Loftus, had seen "a mighty sarvice." By his side stood Dick's future victim. He was a tall, gaunt looking sort of a chap, dressed in somewhat rustic style—a style which showed him a native of the pines and sands of Jersey. His blue coat, with metal buttons, from the shape, width and stiffness of the collar, and from the distance between the waist and the armpits, bore every mark of having been an heir-loom in the family; while his pantaloons clearly showed, not only his cow-

skin boots, but also proved him to be "the rising sun" (as Tom Hood hath it,) of the Brigade family. A new grey cloth coat hung over his arm—a blue cotton umbrella stood by the side of the door, while at his feet lay a hair trunk, well strapped with a rope, which might, for all we know, have been an ox trace. He was evidently fully impressed with the idea of coming to College, and grinned a propitious smile upon Dick, who, scowling, stood all the while clad in his night garments, as if ignorant of the presence of the quarter-master general.

"You have doubtless mistaken the room, sir," said Dick with unblushing impudence. The student was confounded when the quarter-master rejoined, "No, Mr. Daredevil, he has as much right to enter this room as you have. So walk in Mr. Brigade," for this was our hero's somewhat pompous name. Dick said to him, "I do not wish a roommate, and therefore desire you to leave if you are a gentleman. Moreover I told the quarter-master before you were thrust in on me, that if any one dared room with me he would be found some day with a noose around his neck. But," he continued with a generosity perfectly overpowering, for it seemed as if a sudden bright thought had seized him, "I don't want to appear severe, so I will permit you to room here for a few days." Mr. Brigade walked in with joy beaming from his countenance, and seated himself in Dick's easy chair with an imperturbable gravity which it did Daredevil's heart good to see. The quarter-master retired to breakfast, and Dick went to concocting plans wherewith to bore "the verdant." We cannot enumerate the tricks which Dick's fertile brain produced. He examined him in the catechism; compelled him to reveal "the inmost workings" of his affection. Mr. Jonas Brigade revealed to Mr. Richard Daredevil his affair with Sukey Brown. He told him how Sally Jones had given him "the mitten." Indeed, Jonas' bonafide love scrapes served for the amusement of many an evening's party of Dick's boon companions. When Dick had taken his quota of fun out of him, there was one morning produced a coil of rope which Daredevil suspended very deliberately from the ceiling, while he thus addressed Mr. Brigade. "Look here, you very green young man, your time's up, and if you're not

moving in double quick time I'll hang you as sure as there's a pine in your old sandy Jersey!" Jonas had by this time been fully impressed with the ferocity of Dick's character, and was not a little alarmed at the state of affairs. The threat produced a visit from a professor. That interview sent Dick to rusticate on the banks of a purling stream which laves the foot of old Tinnecum's hill. But on his return from exile, and "durance vile," Dick's room hailed him as sole sovereign lord.

Dick had a great antipathy to morning prayers; indeed who had not? Even the most steady student used sometimes to grumble, and yawn, and stretch, when "the rouser" bade them tumble out from their warm beds and wend their way to the old chapel, muttering back-handed blessings on those who ordained their matins. Even those perfect paragons of rectitude; who want to take a grade—the candidates for the salutarities were forced, much against their will, to murmur out "no excuse" to a straggling absence (more marked because so straggling) at those weekly inquisitions which were there wont to be held over absentees from prayers. Now Dick had made up his mind not to attend morning prayers if he could help it, for it was derogatory to the dignity of a senior, (Dick was then a senior,) besides there was no devotion, to his mind at least, "in a cold chapel with sleepy students clad in the habiliments of the night, shivering to keep awake on a frosty morning in December." So Mr. Daredevil was among the missing at prayers. He escaped for sometime the polite invitation of the faculty, communicated every Wednesday evening, that day of "oyer and terminer and general jail delivery" for the college at Tinnecum. What a day was Wednesday at Tinnecum! What a greedy exchange of rooms! What a barring and barricading of doors! Well do I remember often acting as an emissary to Patrick to discover the delinquents, Patrick in the fullness of a generous heart, was accustomed to show "the list" to every one until the court never apprehended any one who was "pricked down" on the fatal proscription. What a self-examination took place every Wednesday evening! What an outpouring of confessions against those college laws which nobody read except most re-

markably green students, who generally poled on them in the chapel, and sought explanations on difficult passages from old students. Talking of laws, we remember one day that a remarkably verdant freshman consulted Daredevil about his duties laid down in the code. Dick turned over the pages with a mysteriousness and profoundness which would have become an LL.D. At last he read as follows: Freshmen may be sent on errands or employed as servitors in any manner whatsoever by the Faculty or any member of the senior class. Freshmen may have corporeal punishment administered by the President. So now, sir, we will put the first rule in practice. There are my boots, sir, I wish them blackened. He was never troubled for criticisms on college laws afterwards. But to return. Dick had told Patrick that if he ever came to his room he would give him "what Paddy gave the drum, as sure as there was a potatoe in Ireland." So Patrick never visited No. 40, where our friend resided. But the inquisitiveness of an indomitable officer soon discovered that although Dick was summoned every Wednesday evening, yet he never made his appearance. So Mercury, the hereditary huckster of old beds and mattresses, of chairs and crockery; the patronising filcher of new students and kind fathers, was questioned in reference to the case. "An' 'pon my sowl I'm afeerd," quoth Patrick. "Afraid of what?" was the reply. "Why, sir, Misther Daredevil says he'll, he'll——" "Well we'll see if he'll tell me so," said the indomitable, seizing his hat and rushing to Dick's door. The voice of the professor fell upon Dick's ear with no very pleasant music, as the half inaudible rebukes, so familiar to every one at Tinnecum, were muttered forth. "Here, here, here, sir—pack up—leave in stage to-night—send you off—go home sir—come to faculty—threaten their messenger—bad conduct—prayers—vote of dismissal—hum, hum, hum." When Daredevil arrived at the seat of justice the court in banc were awaiting his approach. The chief, "Mr. Daredevil you have been absent from prayers for several weeks, what is your excuse?"

"Why, sir, you, yourself have told us that there is no effect without a sufficient cause, then *a priori*, I must have had some good reason to stay away, as I will now pro-

ceed to show. You are well aware, sir, that we obtain all science from experiment and induction. Now, sir, we have been told that the tentative process is always the best, that is, when we can't get any other, that is, sir, he means to say, that all the facts are as if this were so, not that they are positively so, for no man would have a right to assert positively, unless he can prove conclusively. So, sir—"

"Mr. Daredevil will give his excuse and retire."

"Yes, sir, certainly, but as I was saying, the tentative process is excellent. We must have some data on which to reason, or woe be unto all induction. Now, sir, there exists a great deal of lamentable ignorance in college on a certain point of collegiate economy, and as I am a friend to common school education, I have consented to become a martyr to science. You are aware, I presume, sir, that we are under great obligation to the illustrious Ba—"

"Mr. Daredevil!—you will—"

"Yes, sir, as I was about to remark, a great deal of doubt was obscuring the minds of students in reference to the momentous question of how many prayers one could miss with impunity. I consented for the common good to follow the laws of Bacon and make the experiment. If I fall, I only fall where Galileo and Copernicus, and a host fell before me, in the cause of truth and the advancement of human learning. Surely, sir, in this land of common schools, of churches, and of colleges, yea, even here at Tinnecum, one will not be persecuted for his endeavors in such a cause."

The consummate impudence with which this speech was delivered convulsed the faculty, and Dick was dismissed (the indomitable dissenting therefrom, ejaculating, "I move he be suspended,") with the injunction not to repeat the experiment, for it was *supposed* to be dangerous.

Poor Dick Daredevil! his impudence got him out of many a scrape, it is true, but it brought him into many a one also, and at last came to a fatal termination. The story is briefly this:

Daredevil, after he left college, formed an intimacy with a young lawyer in the town where he resided, and with his usual temerity, resolved to play upon him one of his practical jokes. Godfrey (this was the name of Daredev-

il's friend,) was about to make his maiden appearance at the parish court on the case of Smith against Jones—a horse trial. Of course every preparation was made for the eventful occasion. The brief was made out a week beforehand. Starkie and Saunders were well thumbed, the leaves turned down and the extracts marked. He left his office on the morning of the appointed day, and having instructed his servant to bring the books, proceeded to the court room. In the interval between the exit of Godfrey and the entrance of the servant, Dick, who was in the office, replaced the books on their shelves and substituted some old black-letter musty folios in their stead. Godfrey had commenced and was growing warm and earnest in his argument. "I would refer you," said he, "honorable gentlemen, for the truth of what I have said, to the law and to the testimony." But what was his dismay when, instead of Starkie on evidence, he found himself fumbling over "Des reports, des divers select matters and resolutions, des reverend judges and sages," &c. &c. He kept his blank gaze fixed on them for a moment, and the court preserved a respectful silence; but when he raised his countenance and darted a glance at Dick, so big with significance, all were at once admitted to the secret, and the room was convulsed with laughter. The jury were adverse to Godfrey's client. A challenge passed, and Richard Daredevil fell a victim to his impudence.

Thus ended the first packet of my old friend. Whether the contents of the next will ever make their appearance, depends upon whether the public view this communication

"With a critic's eye,
Or pass its imperfections by."

G. G. D.

STANZAS.

Pure are the offerings Friendship lays
On altars, trembling hands have reared,
That bring the light of other days,
To hearts with grief and passion seared;

That soothe the troubled soul, and cheer
The fainting spirit lone and weak,
And gently wipe the bitter tear
From off the orphan's pallid cheek,

Sweet is the voice that breathes a prayer
To him on high for friend and foe,
When grim disease springs from his lair,
And shrieks aloud his wail of woe:
Holy the tear, and long-drawn sigh,
That starts and bursts when pure souls scan
The sorrows and the pains that lie,
Within the path of fallen man.

But finer, sweeter, holier, far,
And clothed in splendor from above,
Beams forth man's never-fading star—
A mother's deep and deathless love.
'Tis hallowed by the fondest dream,
That flits across the memory dark,
When on the troubled, swollen stream
Of life, is wrecked man's shattered bark.

'Tis written on the scalding tear,
That burns and withers every joy,
A mother's widowed heart so drear,
Shed o'er her lost—her erring boy.
The heartless sneer the cold world gives,
She only answers with a sigh,
'Tis for her darling boy she lives,
And for that darling boy she'll die.

Plunge him in every depth of sin,
And let him far from virtue rove,
Yet still he has a home within
That mother's heart—that mother's love.
A houseless wanderer let him roam,
An outcast beggar without rest,
She'll call the erring pilgrim home,
And clasp him closer to her breast.

And when beneath the valley's turf,
The weary wanderer slumbers there,
Side by the lordling and the serf—
And breathes in the eternal air;
Then clings that mother's bursting heart—
Bereft of every earthly tie—
To him from whom she could not part,
And lays her on his breast to die.

COLLEGE DAGUERREOTYPES.

NO. III.

THE SOPHOMORE.

MODESTY now-a-days is in danger of becoming bankrupt; simplicity and plainness are turned into art and subtlety, and if Diogenes was alive, he might employ his candle and lanthorn to as little purpose as formerly. The world is filled with counterfeiting Gnathos who have converted modesty into impudence, and verily has impudence become a necessary accomplishment, a fashionable vice, which boggles at nothing that tends to its own advantage; while modesty, like the "tall boy" is laughed at by inferior beings on account of its awkwardness. Take the advice of our Cervantes, and

Get that great gift and talent, impudence,
Accomplished mankind's greatest excellence,
'Tis that alone prefers—alone makes great,
Confers alone wealth, titles and estate;
Gains place at Court; can make a fool a peer;
An ass a bishop; can vil't blockhead rear
To wear red hats, and sit in porph'ry chair.

Throw up your caps and give three cheers for the Age of Brass. Such were our cogitations, when on a certain occasion we heard a precocious young man in whiskers and spectacles, politely tell a Lady "she was a fool for dancing"—thereby gaining a reputation for wit, candor, and eccentricity. Reader, how many of your acquaintances become great favorites with certain of our Professors, simply on account of their impudent insolence, while more modest men are thrown in the back-ground? These introductory remarks serve very well as "gentlemanly ushers" to our more pleasing acquaintances.

Hail to you, merry Sophs! It is refreshing after daguerreotyping the staid gravity and assumed importance of the higher classes, to take such merry fellows as you by the hand and bid you hail! We speak from experience when we say that the Soph year is the most pleasant of your College course. Rowdyism is the great characteristic of this class, and the Sophomore sticks like shoe-wax to those

customs which are hallowed by antiquity—and rendered stale by repetition. His patriotism will never let these customs be forgotten. Freshmen will be applauded so long as there is a chapel to applaud them in—fire-balls will be cast so long as turpentine and sponges can be bought—gates and signs will be transported so long as there are willing hands to lift them, and nimble legs to carry them—Tutors, (&c.) “to the contrary, notwithstanding.” He professes a great contempt for the Junior—and tampers unfeelingly with the sorrows of the Freshman. He respects, (as much as a Sophomore can respect,) the Senior, and is very desirous of being seen in his company, though we have heard Sophs assert that it is vice versa. He makes no pretensions to dignity, and his merry laugh on the Campus, as he plunges into the exhilarating game of shinney, brings back to our minds the days of Sophomore rowdysm, and we must confess it, of Sophomore pleasure.

It was the boast of *Littleash* that he was a Soph. A Freshman he despised from the bottom of his heart. His friends had sent him to College just before commencement to get examined for the Fresh Class—but *Littleash* considered deeply on the subject. His reasoning was philosophical—“A Freshman is a degraded specimen of humanity,” said he to himself, laying the forefingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, “and if I join that class mark me down an ass. Moreover it will save the expense of a whole year, and my friends,” (here *Littleash* in the language of the Poet

“Drew his sleeve across his nose
And wiped away a tear,”)

“And my friends have no idea of the misery which awaits me if I become a Freshman. Ugh! it makes me weep train-oil tears to think of it! Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Did’nt our forefathers promulgate this doctrine, and did’nt they bleed in support of it, and shall I discard the glorious prerogative—cast it from me? No! I’ll go and get examined for the Soph class, sign the declaration of independence in the President’s study, pay thirty-three and a third cents for a copy of the printed laws and be happy!!” and forsooth he did it. *Littleash* was an

odd looking customer with sandy hair and a hatchet face. His limbs were very limber, and he jerks his legs about when he walks as if he was extremely anxious to get rid of such useless appendages, but could'nt—and would therefore satisfy himself by throwing them about in such a manner as to inform his friends and the public generally, that they were his own, and that he had a right to do what he pleased with them. We noticed him after the Quarterly examination of the Sophomore class, in mathematics. He had a perfectly satisfied look, and it was evident that his heart was overflowing with the buttermilk of human kindness. He was in earnest conversation with a monstrous individual, who had a face like Longfellow's "full red moon," on which was stuck a nose that crooked over his left cheek; his legs resembled a couple of gate posts, while his back was as broad as a barn-door. It was evident that Littleash was endeavoring to offer consolation to the face, legs, and shoulders, but it seemed with very little success for that red phiz wore the most lugubrious expression we ever saw depicted on a human countenance—it may be because there was such a *quantity* of expression.

"How many did you do?" enquired the big fellow, who was called Si.

"All, my infant," replied Littleash, joyously.

"All?" thundered Si, in perfect astonishment.

"Yes, how many did you do?"

"None!"

"Did you stump?"

"No, I went in there trusting to providence and my friends—the former failed me, and the latter gave me *one* sum, which I passed over to five or six of the fellers sitting by me. The Tutor saw me, we'll be caught, and I'm bound for home or the Fresh class one. Yes," roared Si, "and they'll turn me back, all for trusting to providence!"

"Keep cool my dear child."

"I am cool," roared the child, growing redder in the face and throwing his arms about him like the sails of a windmill, "cool as the insides of a kowkumber—cool as a toad in a snow-bank—but I'll be dratted if a dozen magnetized bullgines of twelve million horse power, piled with loadstones, could pull me back into that Fresh class!"

"You're right Si, but come less go and play shinney, it will mollify your feelings," said Littleash, soothingly.

Si's face relaxed into a broad grin, as he shouldered his club, which he always carried for convenience sake into the recitation room, and they walked together to the back campus. On the way Littleash disburdened himself of sundry sage reflections on the utility and beauty of mathematics—enlarged upon the delights of bisecting straight lines and proving the equality of triangles, and wound up with telling Si if he did'nt pay more attention to this particular branch, that, mathematically speaking, the circle of his scholastic acquirements would be divided into such infinitely small arcs, that in all probability zero would be the result of his negligence.

"Look here, my little feller," began Si.

"Don't call *me* a *little feller*—don't—or I'll make that skull of yours look more like a cooked cauliflower than it does," retorted Littleash, drawing himself up with dignity, and brandishing his stick in a threatening manner.

"Well, I won't, but what's the use of my staying at college, when that younger brother of mine is eternally calling my attention to his foxy whiskers, asking me, 'did'nt I wish I could raise such a pair'—what's the use of being bored to death, say?"

"What in the world has *Crawf's* whiskers got to do with mathematics."

"Who's talking about mathematics?"

"I was, you ugly specimen of a green calabash stuffed with horse hair," replied Littleash, turning away with great disgust.

It was a chilly, rainy night in October, that we dropped into the room of a Sophomore whose appellation was *Joe*. He was an ugly fellow, and very jovial, as all ugly men are. His ugliness did'nt bore him, because, as *Joe* said, it was characteristic of the family; and he rather boasted of an enormous nose which protruded from his face. He had a thick mushy voice, and would bring out the most absurd expressions with the most deacon-like gravity. *George*, his room-mate, was a bombastic, bullet-headed little chap, with a squeaking voice, and the complexion of a copper kettle. When we entered the room, as jolly a crowd met our eyes as ever assembled for fun and frolic.

The individual in the dingy colored gown, who is seated in the rocking chair, is the *Major*. He possesses an adze-like nose, a pair of lanthorn jaws, and a chin like a nut-cracker. It did you good to see the Major's firm, independent tread on the campus, looking for all the world like a game-cock in a barn-yard. The Major loved his country and the Sophomore class—was fond of haranguing, and had great hopes of being made a Justice of the Peace when he graduated. That uncomfortably short young man who is seated on the bed, blowing a flageolet with such intense earnestness, is called *John Short*. He blows that flageolet continually, and has driven four hard students and one Tutor to despair with his noise. The person who is standing with his back to the fire, his coat tails under his arms and his hands in his pockets, is known by the name of *Pirk*. He wears long hair, and has the most demure, sentimental look imaginable. You would think at first sight that Pirk was the most modest, unassuming man in college, but he is not half as innocent as he makes out. He has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws, and it is impossible to detect him in his sprees. Professing an utter contempt for forms, he generally appears in public with the finest boots, raggedest pants, flashiest vest, and worst coat that he can raise. The Faculty have been endeavoring, ever since he came to college, to find out where he is from, but Pirk keeps them in the most tantalizing ignorance—at one time hailing from some imaginary steamer on the Mississippi, at another from Yankee-land. Pirk seemed to be master of ceremonies on the present occasion, for he turned every moment or two to look at a large tin utensil which was simmering on the fire. Such was the crowd who had congregated in Joe's room.

"What's busted?" was our enquiry after we had bowed to the company.

"Punch!" and following the motion of Joe's gesture, our eyes lighted upon a centre-table, on which rested a huge white bowl, a dozen or so of fat lemons, and something done up in brown paper.

"Don't go," was the unanimous request as we backed reluctantly to the door. Reader, we are mortal. We stayed.

"Pirk, has the water acquired sufficient caloric?" enquired George.

"Hush, boy," said Joe, "you've got more gab than guts. Pirk is the water hot?"

Pirk made no reply to these demands, but turned to the table and commenced operations with much gravity and method. First he rolled up the cuffs of his coat, then he pulled out a pocket knife and examined its edge with much interest; next he took up one of the lemons and rolled it with great rapidity for a couple of minutes on his left knee; then he cut it half and half, and squeezed the parts affectionately over the bowl and dropped in the peel. Next he counted the persons in the room, and proceeded to do the 'same likewise' with five others. After having got through with the lemons, he took up the brown parcel, tore a hole in one corner with his teeth, and emptied in just enough sugar to obscure the peelings. Here he paused, gazed with evident satisfaction upon his labors, rapped George, who was watching his operations with much curiosity, over the head with his knife handle, and requested Short to "hush that racket."

"I won't," replied Short, blowing away so hard that his eyes seemed extremely desirous of leaving his head.

"You won't, won't you, then I'll make you," and Pirk was about to put his threat in execution, when the Major arose with much dignity, walked over to Short, took the flageolet from him by main force, and then returned to his seat.

"You're always imposing on little fellers, you billy-goat you," exclaimed Short. The Major said nothing, but looked a heavy thunder-cloud and some small batteries at him.

"Joe, bring the invariable," said Pirk.

Joe disappeared for a moment under the bed, and emerged with an innocent looking boot in his hand, from which he drew a long-necked suspicious black bottle.

"Shall it be strong or weak?" enquired Pirk, taking the bottle from Joe, and poisoning it over the bowl.

"Put in enough to nullify any acidity which may arise on the stomach," replied the Major.

"Joe hand me the ladle, and fix the glasses," said Pirk, after he had complied with the Major's request. Joe gave

him the ladle, and while stirring the mixture and crushing the lumps of sugar, Pirk discoursed thus: "Some punch-makers," said he, "boil lemons, sugar and liquor all together, but that causes the strength of the drink to evaporate. Never destroy the flavor of the punch by too much boiling, or by an indiscriminate mixture of ingredients. Put in as many lemons as there are heads, having first mollified them by a rapid friction, cover the whole with a snowy coat of sugar, pour in Apple-Jack till the whole floats, and," he continued, eagerly snatching up the utensil from the fire, "empty the water in hissing hot, and you have concocted the modern nectar."

"George," said Joe, "stir your stumps, and bring out the regalias, draw up around the fix, fellows, and make yourselves sociable. Major your glass."

"Fill it up to the brim, and let a piece of lemon float on its golden surface, like a yallar cloud upon a yallar sky," remarked the Major, with a delicate flourish of the hand and loud smack of his lips. He knew a thing or two, did that Major. The cigars were lighted, the punch tasted, and Pirk's skill commended. Now, reader, if you have ever been in such a circle, and what student has not, you must know the soothing influence punch has on a crowd like this. It smooths down the rough points of our natures, causes the soul to overflow with kindness, makes us love ourselves less and every body more, and leaves no headache in the morning. We have seen the worst enmities rendered obsolete, and the most hostile hands shaken in firm friendship over a bowl of punch. The Major became less stiff, Joe more jolly, and George more bombastic.

"I have often thought," remarked the Major, clinking his third glass against ours, "I have often thought that college may be compared to a bowl of punch. The Seniors constitute the lemons, the Juniors the hot water, the Fresh the sweetening, while we, the Sophomores, are the spirits."

"Lets drink a health to the spirits," suggested Short, at the same time choking himself with a very hot mouthful.

"Mr. Short, I'm afraid that you are getting to be a con-

firmed drunkard," remarked George, striking him heavily in the back to recover him.

"Pirk, have the Faculty found out where you come from yet," asked Joe.

"No. They think I am the Wandering Jew. Soon as it snows I shall drive six projecting hobnails in the bottom of my boot, so as to form the figure of a cross, and that will settle the matter."

"Come Pirk, give us a song, one of your serenading selection."

Pirk winked sleepily at the candle, drew his cigar from his mouth, generated a ring of smoke by making a focus of his lips and then spasmodically contracting the muscles of his face, poked the stump of his regalia through it, took a draught of punch to refresh himself, made a tuning-fork of the fore and middle fingers of his right hand, in imitation of our college choir, and struck up a song, the chorus of which celebrated the arrival in the village of a certain Mr. Picayune Butler. After this the conversation became animated and general; all subjects, Classical, Mathematical, Psychological, Ethical, Metaphysical, Poetical, Architypical and nonsensical, were discussed and decided in a manner pleasing to behold.

"Major, don't you think that *Student*, is rather an odd name to apply to us?" enquired Joe.

"You take the word *Student* in the vulgar acception of the term. I don't mean by it a young man who burns the midnight oil, and gets the consumption, in his endeavour to get a grade; but the real student is he who divides, equally, absences from recitation and morning prayers, and attendance thereon—who is ready for a rebellion at one moment, and at another for his text-books—who is willing, at the earnest request of a dear friend, to imbibe a whiskey punch, or at the mild suggestion of the Faculty, to take a country residence in the vicinity of Princeton; he, in short, it is who by a just combination of these several concomitants, comes up to our ideal of a student—and the Sophs are the fellers."

"Yes they are" observed Joe, "give me a Soph forever. I have a great contempt for a Junior, he always puts me in mind of our black Jake in his daddy's breeches—a mighty ugly nigger in spite of his clothes. A Freshman

smells of bread and butter and the nursery, and you know it is dangerous to handle babies. Seniors though, are something to talk about. I have a respect for them everywhere but on the college stage. There they strive to appear too mannish and make fools of themselves—looking, while strung in a row with their black gowns on, like turkey buzzards on a rail fence. I was thinking when the last division was speaking, that the rosy face of the old General in that milk-and-water picture grew redder and redder, and that Mercer's Irish countenance assumed a more bored expression. Really they must be tired of listening to college stage speeches. One individual with a hoarse voice, speaks of the *pleasures of memory*, and brings before us with great feeling the days of *pap*, and spanked baby-hood—another, of a metaphysical turn of mind, tells us that "*the individual longs to merge his individuality with the oneness of the mass*"—another, in a voice musical as the notes of a cracked tea-cup, informs us how to improve the *social condition of man*—another tells us we should'nt fight with our neighbors, by proving conclusively that "our little hands were never made," &c.—another declares that "*the milk of human kindness has been cast into the depths of hell!*" what a row there must have been among the dairy maids!! One modest young man tells us all about the lion of despotism, crouching at the feet of the American Eagle, while—"Who was talking about the American Eagle?" thundered the Major who was becoming patriotically corned—springing to his feet and extending his arms, "'Proud bird of the cliff—'"

"Now don't do that Major. If you want poetry let me show you some of old Joe's"—remarked Short seizing the candle and rushing to the door, when we saw, written in a down-hill sort of a hand, these exquisite lines.

"Polk and Dallas are the men for my money.
For they will make the land flow with milk and honey.
Clay and Frelinghuysen will never do,
Notwithstanding their hard-cider and coon-skins too."

"You must write for the Monthly," hiccupped the Major, dropping the ashes from his cigar into his bosom, and remarking immediately after that he thought the "Punch was rather hot."

"NEVVARE!" roared Joe, with a tragic gesture, "I'll not waste my talent."

"Let's have some more of your poetry," asked Pirk.

"I will repeat an ode," said Joe, obscuring his blushes with a cloud of tobacco smoke, "which I penned when I first wore a long-tailed coat. Now you needn't laugh fellows, for if there is any thing that will pull poetry out of a boy, it is when he doffs his jacket and swings a long-tailed coat. It was an old-fashioned, stiff-collared, short-waisted coat, the buttons on the back of which manifested a praise-worthy desire to crawl up to the shoulders. I well remember," continued Joe musingly, "with how much pride I used to walk up the aisle of the church, in spite of the sneers of the boys and the giggling of the girls, and with how much precision and nicety I used to split the tails before I sat down, for fear of rumpling them. It was a long time before I got used to it, and for a good while whenever I heard it go *flip-flap, flip-flap* against my legs, I would turn round to see if somebody was'n't spanking me. I see you are waiting for the poetry—so here goes.

Oh! the thirtieth day of November,
A day I'll long remember,
When with cravat-tied throat,
I first essayed a long-tail—"

But we had got enough of Sophomore poetry, so we bolted before Joe had finished.

Till our next sitting, reader, we are daguerreotypically thine.

TIMOTHY CURIOSUS.

VISIT TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

WORKS of art indeed attract and please the mind, but far different and higher is the effect produced by the contemplation of natural curiosities. The latter fill the soul with their own grandeur, the former do not, because man is felt to be the architect and not God. Never did the writer feel the truth of this so fully, so practically, as when in the autumn of 1841 he visited the Natural Bridge, the chief curiosity of Virginia. The stage coach having stopt at a tavern in the vicinity, and as it was to tarry for several hours, I wended my way to the bridge. The afternoon

was pleasant indeed, and the sun was shedding down its mellowed light from an autumnal sky. The bridge is of solid stone; its top is so covered with soil and stumps, that an unobserving person might cross it by the stage-road, unconscious of the yawning abyss below. Looking from above the appearance of the deep, deep ravine below is astounding, and the spectator beholding far down the jagged projecting rocks, and large trees made diminutive by distance, involuntarily shudders at the bare *idea* of a fall. A deer, being pursued by hounds is said to have leaped off the bridge and been crushed. The origin of this natural curiosity is lost in conjecture; though it must have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of the earth. Its dimensions are colossal; height to the arch, near 250 feet; width at the top, 60 feet; span of the arch 90 feet. It is of a grey—rather a dark grey color and has an antique and venerable appearance; it seems as if it had weathered the storms of ages and was coexistent with the flood itself. I wended my way down through the ravine and woods in order to get the view from below, which was said to be far superior to that from above, and *surely* it was. I turned an angle in the ravine and a full view of the bridge was presented. Some things can be better imagined and felt than described. This was certainly one of that kind. As I advanced nearer and nearer and finally stood under the arch, the colossal dimensions of the structure became more apparent. The bridge in its every part bears the stamp of divinity, not slightly, but indelibly. Spanned high over a deep ravine, as it were by the finger of Omnipotence, its circling arch full of mysterious grandeur, demands from the passing traveller for its great Architect, the tribute of reverential awe. The variegated rainbow, that smiles from amid the storm presents to the mind a picture of enchanting beauty, not so in this instance; awe, awe is the ruling, reigning feeling. But why vainly attempt a description when the writer feels his want of graphic power to depict the wondrous reality? Underneath the bridge Cedar Creek flows, a small stream, which sparkles and murmurs along its pebbly channel, now hiding itself under the luxuriant bushes, now again becoming visible, adding picturesqueness and life to the scene. On the

sides of the bridge are thousands of carved names of travellers, who have visited it. Some persons have even gone so far as to hang up signs, with their names painted on them, in large characters, thinking *perhaps*, that if their names were not known at large in the world, they would at least be at the Natural Bridge. In the centre of the arch of the bridge is an eagle with wide extended wings, delineated with wonderful accuracy in moss—the work of nature, where no human hand could reach. After remaining under the bridge with increasing pleasure, about two hours, I retraced my steps, deeply impressed with this great natural curiosity.

C.

EDITORS' TABLE.

IN taking our pen, kind Reader, to close this number of the Monthly, we feel like proposing to ourselves several questions. The pulpit is not the only place where the duty of self-examination may be properly preached, nor is the closet of devotion the only place where it may be profitably practiced. What then are we doing? Is the business in which we are engaged worthy the time and trouble which it requires at our hands? What, after all, is the Nassau Monthly? What end does it propose to accomplish, and how has it hitherto succeeded? It will be at once perceived that we are led by these interrogatories into the great problem of the origin and destiny of our periodical. We propose not to lead you back through the labyrinthine windings of its history. Indeed, it is much easier to ask such questions than to answer them, but as we have arraigned ourselves, you are very properly expecting that we will have somewhat to say in our own behalf. Editorial committees, like all other sublunary things, are subject to frequent changes; it will therefore not be thought strange if the end proposed by the Monthly vary with the views and feelings of those who conduct it. For ourselves, however, we would say, our aim is an humble one. We have never dreamed of enlightening the world with new systems of philosophy, or new discoveries in science. If when our transitory term of office expires, we shall have whiled away a weary hour for a single reader, if we shall have inculcated with success a single lesson of virtue, or stolen a sorrow from a burdened breast, we shall feel that our labors have not been in vain. We proceed to discuss the contents of our table. We cannot but contrast its present appearance with that which it must

have presented during the editorship of our predecessors. If we are correctly informed, they sometimes found it difficult to collect sufficient material for a number. We are much more highly favored, with regard, we mean, to the *quantity* of matter furnished us, and we return our hearty thanks to our correspondents for their kind attentions.

The "Essays of Elia" and the "Parody on Gray's Elegy" are evidently by the same hand. They cannot be admitted. The review is rather dry, and parodies, if they are not excellent, are execrable. They seem to be the author's first attempts; we hope he will not be discouraged, but try again.

Perhaps we will be better able to define what the next piece is when we shall have read it. Here it is.

"When rosy morning first opes the day,
And sun-rise lights it with its softest ray,"

At this point in the reading our editorial dignity slightly relaxed:

"Then what more charming can be heard
Than the sweet toned warbling of—some bird."

The effect of this was as if you should apply a brimstone match to a chicken's nose. We were all sitting very erect around our little table, when instantly our heads fell backward and our necks were stretched across the backs of our chairs. A wrap at the door aroused us from this perilous stupefaction, and leaving the visiter to find some other market for his gossip, we proceeded. Only one more verse.

"When twilight first shuts out the day
And evening seeks her fancied sway,
Then what more rapturous could appear
Than those silvery notes which delight the ear."

This is about of a piece with some jingle which we heard about a long time since. A tiro in the poetic art commenced,

"The sun's perpendicular heat began to illumine the sea,

A wag saw the solitary line and finished the couplet.

The fishes beginning to sweat, cried rot it how hot we shall be."

The next article we lay our hands on is "College is a world." "Any one who walks out in a November morning, breathing a pure atmosphere, rejoiceth that He who rules and directs all things has spared his life——" What in the world is the man talking about. Therefore "College is a world!" Oh! yes, exactly so. Towards the close of the essay the writer is evidently excited. Hear him. "O Adam, canst thou not rise from the dead, correct thy progeny, remove this putrefaction from an institution of learning, for it has become more *contagious* and destructive." We would respectfully suggest, that the writer would have been more profitably employed, if instead of talking to us about "*Eleaxander*" and the "*Epicurians*," to use his own orthography, he had been studying his dictionary or spelling book.

What comes next.

"MESSRS. EDITORS—The following lines are from an ancient

manuscript now in my possession; this manuscript was found in the island of Great Britain, and is supposed by antiquarians to have been left by the Greeks, when they evacuated the aforesaid island, at the time of its invasion by the Romans under Hannibal Africanus. It has been handed down in our family through several successive generations, and at present is in my possession. It purports to be a criticism upon the works of the principal Greek writers of the day. The following are the lines, which I hope may be deemed worthy of a place in your excellent Monthly.

Γεραιὸς κίγγ' Ἰωλ ἡ φαιδρὸς ὦλ σῶλ
 Καὶ φαιδρὸς ὦλ σῶλ ἡ 's;
 Γεραιὸς κίγγ' Ἰωλ 'κάλῃ αὐτῷ Βῶλ
 Καὶ 'κάλῃ αὐτοῦ φιλόλῃς Θρῃ.

Yours, very respectfully, J."

Next comes "The Student's recreation." "Amid recreation's pleasing smile, the student forgets his pains, throws his cares away and unbends his mind." Very well. We think we can get along without any more of that, we will go on to the next. "Hope." We don't consider it worthy of admittance. The author, we think, would do better at prose.

The "Wonders of Texas" came too late for the present number, and we are not certain that it will find a place in the next. Indeed, we are not disposed to make any promises about admitting into our next number what we have rejected from this. Our next number will contain whatever suits us best.

We fear the "Lines" are rather dreamy. However, the reader may judge for himself.

I'll dream of thee! I'll dream of thee!

When other skies are bright,
 And when are laughing down in glee
 The gentle stars of night.
 When far away! when far away!
 My weary frame shall rest,
 Then lit by memory's purest ray,
 I'll press thee to my breast.

I'll dream of thee! I'll dream of thee!

And when I clasp my brow,
 Thy fairy form I ween I'll see,
 E'en beautiful as now.
 And then again! and then again!
 Thy smile will sweetly come,
 And kindling in my burning brain
 I'll dream of thee and home.

I'll dream of thee! I'll dream of thee!

Though far from that green earth
 Where rests the dust so dear to me,
 Of her that gave me birth.

Though far away! though far away!
 My weary frame shall rest,

Then lit by memory's brightest ray
I'll press thee to my breast.

What is this, reader? Who is it that the writer is dreaming of much about. Any body in the world, or some particular person?

Here are "Lines to ***" We hope the writer will make another effort soon, and take more pains. But we will again submit to the superior judgment of the reader.

"She hath gone to her God in the prime of her days,
While beauty her brow was adorning;
When joy flung a halo of bright sunny rays
O'er the sweet heart of life in its morning.

At the season when mirth with its zephyr-like wings
Stirs merrily within the young bosom—
Like the sweet buzzing bee that so blithesomely sings
Within the fair cup of the blossom.

At the time when the soul in its innocence fresh,
Dreams of naught but of folly and pleasure;
At the time when soft fancy twines many a mesh,
And trills many a joy-waking measure.

She hath gone to her God, and given to him
Her life to be spent in devotion—
And charged her heart never henceforward to beat,
Save with pulses of holy emotion.

And He will reward her—yea, He will repay
Her young soul with love and protection—
And closely He'll nurture its sweet tender bud,
Till it bursts into glorious perfection.

As the Spring-flower that opens its heart to the sky,
Is the loveliest of all, since 'tis early—
So the soul that in youth sends its worship on high,
Of all others God loveth most dearly."

T.

There was doubtless too much haste in this case. We hope again that T. will favor us with some of his more finished productions.

There are many more manuscripts on the table before us, but we cannot discuss the merits of all of them. We are much obliged to the author of "Sir William Jones" for the pains he must have taken to give us so long an article. For the *present*, at least, we would respectfully decline it.

We beg leave to suggest to our correspondents, that their contributions are frequently too long. Our duty to the Monthly obliges us to say this. Great length is incompatible with that variety which is necessary to render it a welcome visitor. "Never study to say all that can be said on a subject," says Dr. Blair, and we know by experience that the remark which immediately follows is true, "No error can be greater than this." We have now finished what we have to say to our friends who send us the result of their

thoughts and labor. We hope they will continue to remember us; and we hope too that while the Monthly is in our hands, we shall be able to conduct it in such a manner as to give general satisfaction to those concerned. More than this we dare not hope. More than this we will not promise.

Really we had forgotten the Monthly Rose. We ask pardon of its fair conductors. It came to us some weeks since, as fresh and as fragrant, as if it had just been wet with an April shower. Surely we are highly favored. There are not many who at this season of the year can receive a rose plucked and presented by a lady's hand. We hope we may long be permitted to admire its perennial bloom and beauty. The article on Female Education, good throughout, contains this excellent sentiment, "But it is not as a means of eliciting bright and rare instances of excellence that female education is chiefly valuable. Woman should not emulate the meridian sun, which enlightens the world, but the noiseless dew and gentle summer shower, by which it is purified and refreshed. Her aspirations should not be elevated to the temple of fame, but fixed on the more humble and domestic sanctuary, where every attainment in science, will produce its appropriate effect, adding strength to principle, force to example, and dignity to virtue." Is n't that good! We fully coincide with the gentleman—Ah! excuse us—we mean—

We have not said much, reader, and yet it has taken us quite a long time to say it. It is night, and the hands of the clock will soon point to twelve. How interesting is this peaceful hour "*cum quies mortalibus aegris.*" O! midnight, how many associations cluster around thee! If thou hadst a tongue what tales of fearful interest couldst thou relate to mortals! If thy dark veil were lifted, what scenes would present themselves to our affrighted vision! The tread of the assassin, and the stifled groan of the murdered have often broken thy sacred silence. In thy gloom and stillness, too, laboring genius has given birth to great and glorious truths. Thou hast listened to the raptures of devotion, hast heard perchance a mother's prayer for her absent son, a maiden's vow of fidelity and love! In thy capacious memory are treasured up words of affection, and deeds of death.

But, reader, we must retire. To-morrow will come, and bring with it its duties and its pleasures. How prone is fond man to promise to himself that to-morrow shall be as this day and yet more abundant. Where is to-morrow! A voice from the past, the brief past, comes to us and with a still and small but impressive whisper says "boast not thyself of to-morrow." Surely, reader, you know our thoughts. The morning was delightful, and bright with anticipated enjoyment, when our fellow-student, a few weeks since went forth on a day's excursion. But alas the instrument of pleasure, became to him the minister of death! Death did we say? We hope not. He still lives, though he lies on a bed of weakness and pain. With our kindest wishes for his speedy recovery, and for your long life and prosperity, Dear Reader, we close and retire.

P. S. Mr. Boudinot has since died. On the evening of the Sabbath, November 2d, he calmly and peacefully breathed his last.